

"What fools these Mortals be!"  
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

# Suck

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## LOVE À LA MODE IN INDIANA.

W. H. ENGLISH (*to Democratic Party*): "You wouldn't deceive an unprotected politician—do you love me for Myself or for my Gold?"



## PUCK.

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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF.....JOS. KEPPLER  
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EDITOR.....H. C. BUNNER

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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

WE really had hoped, last week, that better days had dawned for the poor Republican party. Vermont's vigorous expression of opinion had done a great deal to put the canvas on something like a fair basis. Had Maine wheeled into line as promptly, there would have been an excellent chance of General Garfield's being elected President of the United States without calling into requisition the valuable services of Mr. Joseph Bradley. But the rejoicings of the Republicans, and our own kindly sympathy with those touching manifestations of patriotic pleasure were alike ill-timed.

For nothing can patch up the Maine fiasco. Indiana may counterbalance it; but the mischief is done, so far as old Dirigo is concerned. We admit, our good friends the Republicans are adepts in the art of electing after elections; but it really does not amount to a row of pins now, that closely-contested governorship of Maine. The actual, tangible loss to the party is nothing; it is the moral influence of the little slip-up on the whole country that is to be dreaded; and this effect was produced by the first shock. Explanations will not help it now; doctored returns will do small good.

Talking of explanations, the true explanation of the little affair is very simple. The Republicans were too confident; they did not spend money enough, and they let the Democrats get ahead of them in making an alliance with the Greenbackers, at the very time that

Weaver was running about enunciating noble sentiments of independence. But this seems to be a campaign of blunders for the Republicans, who were not much given to mismanaging things in the old days.

Maine is the spilt milk of the Republican party; and there is no profit in crying over it. The thing to be done is not to spill any more. Every cent of money, every moment of time spent in Maine since the election has been a dead waste—to say nothing of the danger in which the credit of the party has been placed by the ill-advised attempt to retrieve the late losses at any cost. There is one thing for the Republicans to do; and that is to throw their whole strength into carrying Indiana. A good hit there will put matters back to where they were when the news from Vermont came in. If they don't see fit to do that, we shall sit under the benignant administration of the Superb and Ponderous for the next four years.

We had something to say last week about the literature with which the country is now deluged. There seems to be no limit to the campaign stories and romances. The voter cannot get away from the political struggle by refusing to read his newspaper. Politics invite his attention in posters. They are cunningly sent through the post in the shape of circulars and letters, the purport of which is to praise one candidate and damn the other. The career of Mr. James A. Garfield has been made the most of by his biographers. From the time he was weaned until he wrote that remarkable document called a letter of acceptance, every incident in his life has been duly, or rather unduly, dwelt upon. A great deal of unnecessary importance, too, has been given to the doings of General Hancock. General Hancock can certainly boast of a very respectable record. It is not a grand or great record, but it is a good one. It has not the unfortunate set-backs of the *Crédit Mobilier* and the *De Golyer* pavement scandals; but it is not so very remarkable that we are to believe that General Hancock, both as warrior and statesman, possesses the combined talent and genius of Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, Sulla, and Washington. Ought it not be enough to say that General Hancock is an intelligent soldier who always did his duty? We have had little experience of his administrative abilities, but he seems to have a correct idea of constitutional law, and a profound sense of justice.

Both parties, Republican and Democratic, are tarred with the same brush. There is scarcely a pin to choose between their methods. The only appreciable difference is that the Republicans have had it all their own way in their cheating, robbery, and swindling, and the Democrats, although quite ready to pursue the same tactics, have not had a chance of doing so in National affairs for the past twenty years. How eager they are to get the machinery of government in their hands! And their ticket has a chance, a very good chance, of being elected. There was no special reason why Mr. W. H. English should have received the nomination for Vice-President; he was not known to fame, except as being a rival to Mr. Tilden in having a more than ordinary supply of bar'ls. Bar'ls are very useful things in a campaign, and Mr. English's bar'ls will, no doubt, come in extremely handy. The Democratic Convention acted very wisely, therefore, in its choice of Mr. English. General Hancock, as a military man, cannot be expected to command many shekels to secure his election—and shekels will most assuredly be wanted; therefore, all the party has to do is to fall back on these handy bar'ls of Mr. W. H. English.

It is for this that the party wooed and won him. It is for this that it drags him from his political obscurity and breathes soft nothings in his ear. It is not that it loves Mr. English less, but it loves Mr. English's bar'ls more. We Americans have certainly not much to boast of as to the freedom, purity and simplicity of our elections. In theory it ought to be as easy to conduct a Presidential campaign as the traditional rolling off a log; but it is not so.

What, we should like to know, is gained by a number of men, with certain alleged political affiliations, rigging themselves out in capes and caps of all the colors of the rainbow, and armed with torches making night hideous by marching through the streets, giving forth, at intervals, unearthly yells. Then again, the custom of hanging out banners even in small villages, with apologies for portraits of the respective party candidates, is another practice the utility of which we have never been able to discover. The money expended in all this flummery and tomfoolery could be devoted to much better purpose. Do the officers of the local committees think that such puerile displays help to gain a solitary vote? The citizen who reads his paper regularly has pretty well, long before the election, made up his mind on which side he will vote, and it is absurd to suppose that a procession of mere youths attired in blue or white capes, looking like masquerading firemen, can alter his opinions. One half of these boys have no vote at all, and the other half probably like to make consummate asses of themselves. Hanging out the banners is even a more ridiculous waste of money. The patriotic party procession may cause a solitary vacillating citizen here and there to get up a certain amount of enthusiasm, but a banner is not likely to have any effect whatever. The young voter who keeps his eyes about him will, in the course of his peregrinations about his city, town or village, suddenly find his view obscured by a huge netting suspended across the street on which is inscribed under the portraits of the gentlemen

## REGULAR DEMOCRATIC NOMINATION.

For President:

WINFIELD S. HANCOCK,  
of Pennsylvania.

For Vice President:

WILLIAM H. ENGLISH,  
of Indiana.

This furnishes the young voter with very valuable information, for, had it not been for the gorgeous banner, he might have thought that Samuel J. Tilden, or General Grant, or John Sherman, or George Francis Train, or somebody else, had been nominated on the Democratic ticket. Going a little further, he will strike another netting with more portraits and inscriptions, conveying the startling intelligence that James A. Garfield and Chester A. Arthur are the respective nominees for President and Vice-President on the regular Republican ticket. Now, as it is impossible for a man, woman or child, who is not deaf, dumb or blind, or a natural born idiot, not to know who are in the field for these important offices, why should local political clubs find it necessary to constantly remind their fellow-citizens of the fact? Can there be the slightest danger of anybody forgetting it? But there must be some ways of spending campaign funds, and banners and processions are as good as anything else. We do not govern ourselves. We think we do—but a gang of lazy, place-hunting political knaves is doing it for us. It will be a great day for the country when the people form their own party and rid themselves of the incubus of Republican thieves and Democratic rascals.

## FOR WHOM SHALL HE VOTE?

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

Rather a remarkable coincidence—is it not?—but I shall be 21 years of age on the 2d of November. Can I cast my first vote on that day? I was born in New York. Ought I to vote for Hancock or Garfield—or neither? I am so muddled by reading the party papers that I have no opinion, and seek your valuable advice.

Yours truly,

SEAVER P. GILCHRIST.

NEW YORK, Sept. 20th, 1880.

Young man, you shall have our advice, whether valuable or otherwise. In any case, we hope it may have the effect of putting you in the right political path.

If you really will be 21 years of age on the 2d of November, you can vote on that day for either Hancock or Garfield, or any other Presidential candidate; but you will have to go through the trifling preliminary of registering. Detailed information on this point you can obtain from your voting friends or fellow citizens.

We do not wonder at your being puzzled as to which candidate you ought to vote for. Each one has been pretty well praised by his friends and abused by his enemies. Both have their good points and their bad ones. Both parties have a good deal of which to be ashamed, and mighty little of which to be proud.

The Republican, in the matter of corruption, has about as neat a record as it is possible for a party to possess. It can steal more in a shorter time than any political organization in the heavens above, on the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. All is fish that comes in its net, from a Presidency to a barrel of whiskey. In fact, it likes to make money out of whiskey. If the whiskey be crooked, so much the better.

It can commit safe burglaries, it can dispose of post-traderships, and other little matters of the kind. It is difficult to know what disreputable things it cannot do. But, for all this, it is a very good party, although it is not averse to blowing its own trumpet. There is soundness in its principles; it did a great deal—did everything, towards saving the Union; it has healthy ideas in the matter of finance; it believes that the United States is a nation, and not a number of communities bound together with a rope of sand.

Mr. James Abraham Garfield, who seeks to undertake the responsibility of representing Republicans in the White House during the next four years, resembles the party in its two-fold aspect. He has combined in him all its good qualities and many of its bad ones. He understands something of statesmanship; but he is not deficient in knowing how to take care of himself financially in a way that some prejudiced people might call corrupt. His party has been in office 20 years, and wants to stay, if it can. Gen. Hancock is a Democrat—as you have probably found out by this time. He fought for the Union, was a good soldier, and no one can find a flaw in his character as a gentleman, a general, or a patriot. But he is much more a credit to his party than the party is a credit to him. It is a doubtful party.

All Democrats did not wish to break up the Union, but all who did were Democrats, which is not a pleasing thing to have to put on record—and makes one, rather chary of trusting them.

Indeed there isn't very much to say in favor of the Democratic party. It has a fair share of patriotism, it is in favor of a sort of Free Trade, it has strong ideas of State Rights, it numbers among it a more than average supply of blackguards and roughs, although its leaders are quite on a par with any Republicans in culture and refinement. Its local political record is not nice—in fact, the less said about it the better.

But the monumental—the obelisk, as it were—blot on the Democratic party is that it was always pro-slavery—and not only was it pro-slavery, but it seemed rather proud of the distinction.

Well, young man, if you think that Republican principles with a shady standard bearer are the right thing for the country—vote, by all means, for Garfield.

If on the other hand you think that shady principles, with an upright standard bearer and a change all round are desirable, vote for Hancock.

PUCK.

## OTHELLO'S REMORSE.

"Behold," exclaimed Othello,  
"This broad-sword with your eye;  
A better ne'er sustained itself  
Upon a soldier's thigh.

"And, mind you, I have seen the day,  
With neither sword nor pop,  
That I could cut my way through  
Full twenty times thy stop.

"But, O vain boast and vanity!  
That day has long since fled;  
Here is the limit of my sail,  
Here do I soak my head.

"Cold, cold, my girl, and dead?  
If I may so inquire?  
Roast me in sulphur! boil me  
In steep-down gulfs of fire!

"O beautiful, but ill-star'd wench!  
Pale as thy opera cloak!  
This look of thine will kill my soul—  
Oh, I'm a low-lived moke!"

R. W. CRISWELL.

## GUSH AND GRAMMAR.

LARA MORRIS struck gush last week in Philadelphia. "A Prominent Writer," quoted in an exchange of that city, strewed flowers of rhetoric at her feet after this fashion:

"Apart from the lady's ability in rendering the entire repertoire of anything she undertakes to completeness, she has the peculiar felicity of selecting a single word from out the role of each which forms the brilliant gem to the general artistic setting which forms the elaborate surroundings of the whole."

This is a fearful chunk of syntax to sling at a woman in delicate health, like Miss Morris; and the statement that she can "render the entire repertoire of anything she undertakes to completeness" might be construed as offensive, if it could be construed at all.

But the "Prominent Writer" does not wish to offend Miss Morris, for he goes on to remark that she has a "peculiar felicity of selecting a single word from out the role of each which"—but we dare not retrace the startling record of the strange performances of that single word.

In "Alixé," it seems, Miss Morris, the "Ever Emotional," as the P. W. calls her, "threw herself" on the word *Mama*—her admirer puts it in this way:

"In 'Alixé' we remember her once to have chosen as her profoundest ideal the word 'mama,' which in the course of the piece frequently transpired; not to have heard the artiste's pronouncing the affectionate term, was not to have been present at a voluptuous feast, bountiful in dainties, and every dainty of precious and incomparable worth."

Considering that Miss Morris probably pronounced that endearing word "*mommer*," it is a relief to learn that she

"Is eccentric, and does not repeat these artistic sparks of her genius each time the same way."

For, if she did, the effect on the Prominent Writer of Philadelphia might be such as to leave the English language a hopeless and incoherent wreck.

## Puckings.

BARNUM'S Bearded Lady is dead. He was quite an old man.

IT IS WIDELY BELIEVED that life behind the scenes is one of more or less fiction and lesser morality.

OUR E. C. the *Sun* regards the Free Trade question as a matter of purely speculative interest; and its recent remarks on that subject are to be matched only by Captain Codwise's noble enunciation of principles given in full in another column.

DON'T BEGIN any important enterprise on October 5th—don't invest your savings in stocks on that day, or buy tickets in any of the lotteries which the police have graciously permitted to exist. It is an unlucky day. At least, we judge so from the announcement that Courtney is going to row Riley on that particular date.

THE MOON had better go out of business. The dogs up on the Boulevard no longer besiege her with their hollow baritone attentions. They devote all their vocal powers to making things pleasant for the nocturnal Bicycler, and any enthusiastic young gentleman on two wheels and a handle will bear testimony to the fact that they attend strictly to business.

IF GAIL HAMILTON is not still as many miles from a lemon as the late Sydney Smith was once, it is about time for her to come forward and acidulate the political situation after her usual fashion. The white-plumed knight is getting uneasy; and there are symptoms of a Mulligan sunstroke in the chilly September air, as our E. C. the *World* has already observed.

WE HATE to obtrude our impartial counsels upon a party so well organized and disciplined as the Republican; but we can not help suggesting that it is a little early in the campaign to begin the old eight-to-seven game. That was all very well four years ago; but if the business is overdone now there will be Gore, real old-fashioned Gore, and a corner in plain undertaking and casualty coronering, that's all.

PROFESSOR OLDBERG, of Washington, recommends various changes in the pharmaceutical nomenclature, which are vigorously opposed by the druggists, who don't propose to be swindled out of their godlike prerogative of charging extra for their Latin, and putting down five cents worth of potash as ten cents worth of *potassa pura, misc. cum nihil, et id est omnes*, dissolved in *aqua*, fifteen cents extra, C. O. D.

THE TIME has come when the young man who has just returned to town solemnly inquires of himself: "Shall I call upon the charming, but cashless, young maiden whom I met at the seaside; or shall I ignore her polite invitation?" And at the same time the same young maiden soliloquizes: "Shall I receive the pleasing, yet ineligible youth whose acquaintance I made by the bounding billows; or shall I be steadily and systematically out when he calls, with no probability of an immediate return?"

## BOUT-RIMÉS FOR THE TIME.

..... Blaine  
..... Maine  
..... Gain!  
..... Wane!!  
..... Pain!!!



## FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

CXLII.

MORE ABOUT THE POLITICAL SITUATION.



Ya-as, a fellow, a aw fwiend of mine, who is verwy much interwested in Amerwican politics—in fact, he is an aw Amerwican, has been telling me that a Generwal named Hancock, who has been nominated by the Democwats, has not the wemotest chance of being elected a pwsident aw, that's what they call the supweme rulah he-ah.

I was wathah surprised to he-ah this, because anothah fwiend of mine, who is also deeply interwested in politics had assured both Jack and me in a most positive mannah that this aw Generwal Hancock would certainly be the next pwsident.

Now it is aw pwetty evident that one or the othah of my fwiends must be in erwah—faw if one is wight the othah must necessarwily be wong—and yet I don't see what object eithah of them would have in allowing me to labah undah a misappwehension.

What, howevah, puzzles me maw than evah, is that the fwiend who assures me that Generwal Hancock cannot be elected, tells me in the same bweath that Generwal Garfield, the wepublican candidate, will carwy the day by a verwy large majorwity—and, stwange as it may appe-ah, my informant belongs to this Mr. Garfield's political party.

Ya-as, and I ought to mention that the particulah fwiend who twied to convince me that Mr. Garfield could not possibly secure the votes of a majorwity was a Democwat.

Aftah all, it is a much bettah thing to have somebody sitting on a thwone by herweditary wight than to throw everwything into confusion by botherwing about electing a wulah everwy four ye-ahs.

The weasons given by my Wepublican fwiend faw the impossibility of the victorwy of Generwal Hancock ovah the Wepublican candidate were verwy strong, and it certainly will be little short of a mirwacle if this aw wegulah militarwy man should succeed in taking up his wesidence in the Woyal White House Palace in Washington.

According to my Wepublican fwiends, the most horwible consequences will ensue, if by any chance Generwal Hancock becomes pwsident.

In the first place all the wich men will leave the countwy faw some othah portion of the globe, will sell all their securwities and take their tseasure to some wegion where there is no Democwatic pwsident. All Amerwican twade will be entirely destroyed, and ships will have to lie in the wivahs wotting.

Everywbody will twy to go abwoad, faw it will not be possible to weside in Amerwica undah Democwatic wule. The manufactorywies will all be destroyed by the operwatives, faw whom there will be no longah any work.

Everywthing is to go to complete wack and wuin, and Amerwica will then be in a condition similar to what it was severah centurwies ago, when some explorwah fellow wan acwoss it on a voyage of discoverywy.

The emigration to Eurwope will, of course, be verwy gweat, but I don't think Eurwope will derwive much benefit fwom it.

This atwocious Hancock, it also appe-ahs, is a twaitah and fought in a war on the wong side—or would have fought if he could—something of that sort.

Perwhaps I have not expressed myself verwy clearly or explained correctly how mattahs stand, but weally I have aw heard so much about these Generwals Garcock and Hanfield, and pwspective pwsidents, that my bwain is in a whirl aw.

P.S.—My wife has wead what I have witten, and says it is all nonsense—but women nevah can understand politics aw.

## "BLUSHING HONORS."

OUR E. but wholly unintelligible C., the *Svenska Amerikanaren*, of Chicago, has honored us with the following pleasant notice, couched in its own mellifluous language:

"Puck har med lif och själ kastat sig in i den politiska striden och utdelat med sitt blixtrande ritstift, sin tvåeggade penna väldiga hugg till höger och venster. Alltid glad, fructar han hvarken fan eller påfven och har alltid ett ord i sinom tid att säga på denna fäfångans marknad, som vi kalla världen. Vill ni ha ett godt skratt, vill ni se en skymt af det oimotståndliga gen löjligen i lifvets dystra drama, vill ni skåda åsnan utan lejonhud och skurken utan den falska rättfärdighetens sida hvita kläder—gör er då förtrogen med Puck och hans gubbar. Det är verkligen en bekantskap att göra.—Lösnummer 10 cents. 21 & 23 Warren St., New York."

Such remarks as these are a source of peculiar gratification to us. We own, with a pride not wholly unnatural, that the delicate compliment to our artistic staff conveyed in the phrase "blixtrande ritstift" is well deserved; and for our own part, as guardians of the literary honor of the paper, we feel free to admit that we have always endeavored to sling a "tväeggade penna." As to the flattering personality immediately following: "väldiga hugg till höger och venster," we will say, although it is not strictly a professional matter, that we can hug till höger och venster, and longer, if necessary. But we never expected to have our capacity in a line like this made a subject of public comment, as it were. "Gen löjligen i lifvets dystra drama" we consider rather irrelevant; but an undeniable fact all the same. There is only one passage in the whole composition to which we take exception. Our E. C. does us an injustice in calling us "rättfärdighetens." This is not considerate. Rättfärdighetens we may be occasionally; but not habitually; and if at all, only because of the exigencies of this peculiar campaign. The candidates nominated by both parties, as we have remarked before, do not admit of the most effective pictorial treatment. We therefore indignantly deny the imputation of being systematically rättfärdighetens. Our E. C. falls into one other error. There is no one by the name of Hans Gubbar on this paper; and if there were, we should certainly dignify him with capitals. For the rest, especially the "bekantskap att göra" part, and the eloquent burst of English at the close, we have only to offer our sincere thanks to our E. C. for its picturesque and variegated literature.

P. S.—We have just received trustworthy information that in the above casual remarks we have not shown our usual grip of the subject. The flattering paragraph from our Esteemed Swedish Contemporary runs thus in English. We withdraw all that is inappropriate in our previous comments, and repeat our thanks for our E. C.'s appreciative courtesy.

PUCK has thrown himself heart and soul into the war of politics, and delivers mighty blows right and left, with his clever crayon and double-pointed pen. Ever joyous, he is not afraid of the Devil or the Pope, and has always a word in season to say on this extravagant market-place we call the world. If you want a good laugh; if you desire glimpses of the excitements and laughable incidents in Life's sorrowful scene; if you care to see the Jackass bereft of his Lion's skin, the rascal divested of the bright and shining robes of righteousness, then make yourself acquainted with PUCK and his men. It is certainly an acquaintance worth making. Each number 10 cents. 21 & 23 Warren St.—*Swedish American*.

## V. HUGO DUSENBURY.



HE VINDICATES A BROTHER POET.

HARLEM, September 21st, 1880.

Editor PUCK—Dear Sir:

Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich has recently published in the *Atlantic Monthly* the following small poem, which I send you only to call attention to the purpose of its production:

## COMEDY.

They parted, with clasps of hand,  
And kisses, and burning tears.  
They met, in a foreign land,  
After some twenty years:  
Met as acquaintances meet,  
Smilingly, tranquil-eyed—  
Not even the least little beat  
Of the heart, upon either side!  
They chatted of this and that,  
The nothings that make up life;  
She in a Gainsborough hat,  
And he in black for his wife.  
Ah, what a comedy this is!  
Neither was hurt, it appears:  
She had forgotten his kisses,  
And he had forgotten her tears.

This is, on Mr. Aldrich's part, a delicate and graceful tribute to two unknown and neglected poets, who might forever have languished in obscurity had it not been for Mr. Aldrich's neat method of calling attention to their merits. In the above little gem, the Boston poet has cleverly introduced the beauties of the minor authors referred to, so that when the public is roused to a proper pitch of enthusiasm, he can come forth, and with noble self-abnegation say: "Ladies and gentlemen, the credit for this poem is due to Messrs. W. M. Praed and A. C. Swinburne. Mr. Praed is dead; but Mr. Swinburne is alive, and you may heap your laurels on him."

I do not wish, of course, to deprive Mr. Aldrich of this little surprise—somewhat too dramatic for a professional, I must allow—but I do not think it unfair to give your readers a hint or two as to the sources from which Mr. Aldrich drew the inspiration for his deed of benevolence.

Having explained the object of the publication of the poem, I feel that I have vindicated my colleague's reputation from any charges of unconscious plagiarism which thoughtless people might have brought against him; and I may be allowed the privilege of asking your readers to examine a poem by the late Mr. Winthrop Mackworth Praed, in which occur the lines

"Our parting was all sob and sigh—  
Our meeting was all mirth and laughter!"

and quoting from some stanzas written by Algernon Charles Swinburne, Esq.:

"And the best and the worst of this is:  
That neither is most to blame,  
If you've forgotten my kisses,  
And I've forgotten your name—"

with my best apologies to Mr. Aldrich, who is really a most able and reputable professional poet, when he does his poeting for himself.

Yours truly,

V. HUGO DUSENBURY,  
Professional Poet.



## A NEW INTERNATIONAL INTEREST.



THE AMERICAN GOLD FIELDS FOR IMPECUNIOUS BRITISH NOBLEMEN.

## IMPECUNIOUS ALBION.

THE season will soon open in "Society," and the wandering titled foreigner who has gathered together at Newport, or other places where the American heiress does mostly resort, will soon arrive in New York City. He has been flirting very hard all the summer; but, as he well knows, the serious running must be made in the winter, at the balls and dinners and receptions. So he will buckle steadily down to work, and go to evening entertainments in his shooting-jacket, and insult his host and hostess, and tread on everybody's toes, and go through the whole barbaric performance by which the traveling English aristocrat loves to express his sense of his own importance and his contempt for the people whose hospitality he condescends to accept.

Before the season is over, of course, he will land his heiress. After Lent, he will marry her, and next summer they will sail away to England, to his ancestral mansion, where the poor little American girl, whose dollars are to put new plaster on the castle ceilings and new paint on the family escutcheon, will be shockingly snubbed by her noble mama-in-law and Honorable sisters. It ought to be understood—and so it is, among the wiser and more conservative classes—that when Lord Algernon Plantagenet Sydney de Huntston-cum-Huntston Waterloo James Cholmondeley-Bagge comes over here with his coronet in one hand and his heart in the other, he is on what we vulgar Yankee tradesfolk call a drumming tour; that his motives are simply business motives, and that he is not actuated by any fancy æsthetic aspirations—such as a desire to knit more closely the bonds of union between the two sister countries, or to transplant to the brilliant parterres

of Albion a sweet wild-flower torn from Columbia's soil.

Not exactly. He will throw you in a little romance if you want it, but it must be romance on a strictly cash basis.

Unfortunately, the one class that is seemingly unable to understand this simple fact is the class that is particularly exposed to the fascinations of the gaitered and be-ringed fortune-hunter from his lofty, but crumbling towers near Vyvyanhurst-super-Pott.

These are the millionaire parvenus who are fighting more or less successfully to get into decent company at home. Papa has made his pile of money in the mines, or in pork contracts, mama has more double negations than adverbs; but the daughter is bright, pretty, well-educated; she is receptive and quick to learn, and she has acquired the external characteristics of a lady. Besides this, she is probably a good and intelligent girl, much too good to be sacrificed on the altar of a vain and foolish ambition. But her parents sell her, and she gladly consents to the sale, to the young Englishman with the title and the long list of names, to get a position which they find just as far out of their reach when the wretched deed is done, and their daughter lost to them forever among unsympathetic strangers.

As to Lord Algernon-and-all-the-rest-of-him, he considers it an awful baw, y'know; but then the family property is heavily mortgaged, and he has lost heavily on the Darby, y'know; and he has to "recoup" himself; and so he weds the poor little millionaire maiden, and Papa Parvenu cashes up on the day of betrothal.

Large importations of financially embarrassed but highly aristocratic Englishmen are expected for the season of '80-'81.

## AN INTERVIEW.

GOOD EVENING, Judge. What is my business? Just to ask a few questions of you If I am permitted the freedom—

I'll take but a minute or two. What for? Why, I am a reporter Of the *Diurnal Hulloaloo*.

A libelous sheet? Has abused you? Well now, that is certainly queer; We haven't been sued for a libel More than seven times during the year, And if anyone, Judge, has attacked you, He must have been taking his beer.

Go on? So I will. You are running For Congressman here in the Third; There are some little charges against you, Of which you have probably heard. So I've called to inquire the foundation Of these charges to which I've referred.

All lies? Oh, no doubt—but inform me About that affair of McCue's. It's making a great deal of scandal, To explain it you cannot refuse; 'Tis said you forged some of his paper And had it run through by the Jews.

The public is also desirous Of knowing to what an extent You engaged in the fraudulent doings Of the firm of Sharp, Skinner and Bent— Liabilities nearly a million, And assets not worth a red cent!

How about taking bribes from the lawyers To let all their clients go free? Did you have a disgraceful connection With Mademoiselle Jiggamaree, And appear in the court-room much drunker Then a boiled owl could possibly be?

Did you ever—Judge, what are you doing? Come, come, let my collar alone! That kick, I am morally certain, Has fractured my femoral bone—I'll walk down the steps, if you'll let me— Oh, Lord, what a solid flag-stone!

M. P.

## THE LATIN FIEND.

**A**rgumentum ad hominem," he said to me one day,  
When politics and candidates we spoke of;  
Just as if the English language was a trifle too *passé*  
For a linguist and philosopher to joke of.

He was chary of expressions that might seem to be *de trop*,  
And he very seldom spoke a word at random;  
He would never say, "tastes differ," lest the meaning all  
might know,  
But he'd mouth, "*De gustibus non disputandum.*"

"Old fellow, how's your mother?" would be to him  
*faux pas*,  
As he always mentioned her as "*Alma mater*,"  
Though he'd quaff his "*aqua vite*," and smoke a choice  
cigar,  
He ne'er would drink a drop of what's called "crater."

In sports and divers pastimes he was really quite *au fait*,  
And, "*de facto*," he acknowledged, "*semper idem.*"  
Though he praised the two-wheeled "cycles," in his  
modern *Anglicé*,  
He could never be prevailed upon to ride 'em.

He would end a fine oration with a charming *coup de grace*,  
And never make attempts at long *addenda*.  
*De jure*, 'twould be proper to write him down an ass,  
If I had a *coup d'état* for *corrigenda*.

THOS. B. CHRYSTAL.

## CAPT. CODWISE'S POLITICS.

## A SATISFYING DELIVERANCE.

**P**OLITICS have reached Cape Cod notwithstanding its out-of-the-way situation, and the boys are discussing the state of the country, and all that sort of thing, down there, in a tolerably lively manner. They usually drop into Squire Brown's store in the evening, and sit around the stove and talk politics. Of course there is no fire in the stove in these early September days, but, as the boys sit around the stove in the winter and spin their yarns, the stove is left there in the summer, so as to make the place more familiar to them. Besides it is a tangible object at which they can spit. Why, if Squire Brown should remove that stove and some other man should start a general store, *with a stove*, Squire Brown would promptly retire from business *via* bankruptcy.

Probably politics had been booming—really booming—down on Cape Cod about a week, when one evening Captain Codwise dropped into Squire Brown's store. The boys were all there, and were laying down the law to each other in such a way that strong language seemed likely to break up the usual harmony shortly—a thing not uncommon in political discussions—when Captain Codwise entered. As his leg was somewhat stiff it pounded on the floor when he walked, and the attention of the men who were sitting around the stove was at once called to the tall, spare form and thin sharp-looking face of the Captain.

Quite delighted to find something which would stop their discussion long enough for them to cool off, the boys all shouted their good-evenings to the Captain, and asked him to come and sit with them. As the Captain had become a sort of odd-job man, who expected business from people of every political faith, he had carefully avoided all political discussions, and if he had known that the subject of conversation was politics he would probably have declined to take the proffered seat. The

boys had often wondered what the Captain's political views were, and here seemed a splendid opportunity to find out.

The discussion of political matters was resumed almost as soon as the Captain had taken his seat. Presently one of the boys turned to the Captain and asked:

"Well, Captain, what do you think of Garfield?"

"So far as I know," responded the Captain, looking gravely at his questioner, "and so far as I've heard, he's a good man, a drefful good man."

"But how about Hancock?" asked a Democrat.

"So far as I know," replied the Captain, "an' so far as I've heard, he's a good man, a drefful good man."

"But how about this Crédit Mobilier business, Captain?"

"Eddication ain't my strong p'int," said the Captain gravely. "I ain't much on readin' an' writin', but I've heard them as hasn't had their eddication neglected readin' about Mr. Garfield's bein' charged with havin' a Crédit Mobilier, an' about his a denyin' his havin' any sech thing. An' it seems to me, as I kept a turnin' an' a turnin' it over in my mind, that he ought to know if he's got any credit in Mobile or haint got any thar. An', as he lives in Ohio an' ain't a business man, it stands to reason that he moutn't have a credit in Mobile, or New Orleans, or any of them towns, an' it stands to reason that he ought to know if he's got such a credit, an', so fur as I understand it, I don't believe he has."

"Then," suggested Squire Brown, "as you think both the candidates are good men, I suppose you go in for the best principles."

"Speech-making," said the Captain, "ain't my strong p'int. I ain't much on it, but, so fur as I understands them, I go fur the best principles every time and allers. You boys know my eddication was neglected, an' I ain't much on readin' an' writin', but I've heard a powerful lot of things read and I've heard a powerful lot of speechifyin', an' a powerful lot

of argufyin'; an' when a man's been a way-farin' man an' a seafarin' man he larns a powerful lot of things, if he only keeps his ears wide-open. We all know what's the very best principles for us down here Cape-Cod-ways, an' we all know jest them things we want down here Cape-Cod-ways. I heerd one of them orators up at the hall say as parties was made fur man, not man fur parties. It stands to reason that any party, that ain't a goin' to give us what we want, aint got the correct principles fur us. If the party ain't a goin' to give us plenty of fish, an' lots of summer boarders, an' a heft of blue-berries, an' plenty of odd-jobs then, so fur as my understandin' of it goes, I can't see what good the party's a goin' to do us. If the party ain't made fur man, an' ain't a helpin' him to what he wants, I can't see what we want any party down here Cape-Cod-ways fur."

"Well, Captain," asked the Squire, "which party do you think will do that?"

"I've been a turnin' an' a turnin' that over in my mind," responded the Captain, "an' I've heard the Democratic papers read an' I've heard the Republican papers read, an' I've been a turnin' it over in my mind, an' I mostly make out, so fur as I understand it, that both them parties promise us jest about the same thing; an' that we're jest as likely to have fish, an' summer-boarders, an' blue-berries, an' odd-jobs if Garfield is elected as if Hancock is, an' *vice re-verse-er.*"

"But which side do you favor?" asked an over-inquisitive young fellow perched on the end of the counter.

"So fur as my understandin' of it goes," answered the Captain solemnly, "I'm in favor of both."

"But both can't be elected."

"That stands to reason," responded the Captain solemnly, "fur I heerd it read that, whenever two fellers go fur anything, one feller must be beaten, an' that stands to reason, too, if you keep a turnin' it over in your mind. It's so when two fellers goes a fishin', or a blue berryin', or a odd-jobbing, or a summer-boarderin'; one allers comes back beat. An' I've obsarved that what happens to fellers who go a fishin', or a blue-berryin', or a odd-jobbing, or a summer-boarderin', happens tolerably likewise to fellers who go fur other things."

"But you vote," suggested his interlocutor, now growing impatient.

"Mostly," answered the Captain. "Yes, mostly, since I have given up a goin' fur ile. When I was a goin' fur ile, it happened most ginerally that about election time I was somewhere up among the icebergs, and I most ginerally didn't vote then, fur it stands to reason that it wa'n't no use. I mout a dropped my ballot, but it wa'n't no use droppin' a ballot in the North Sea. I've been a turnin' it over in my mind if thar moutn't be some way fur a sailor to vote, an' I thought of puttin' a ballot in a bottle; but that mout float to Iceland or Russia, an' what do them heathens know about a ballot? An' then, again, how could a sailor vote understandin'ly fur the party havin' the best principles when he wa'n't at home an' didn't know which party promised the things people wanted down where his people lived? But since I've ceased to be a seafarin' man I most ginerally allers vote."

"But how do you vote?" asked the young man very impatiently.

"Since I've ceased to be a seafarin' man," answered the Captain, as he rose from his seat and took up the articles he had purchased:

"I most ginerally allers vote by ballot, most ginerally allers."

The Captain slowly marched out of the store, making his stiff leg ring on the floor, and the boys are still wondering what the Captain's politics are.

## STARTLING, IF TRUE.



When Garfield was President of Hiram College, he presided one day over a college exhibition in a large tent. Among the large audience there were some rough fellows who proceeded to cut the guy ropes. Garfield was summoned and remonstrated. They defied him. An old student says he never shall forget what followed. The president paused a moment and then approached two of the ruffians, who were six-footers, seized them by their collars and fairly lifted and dragged them from the grounds, when the rest took to their heels in dismay. The president then retired to the tent as composedly as if nothing had happened, but amid the cheers and laughter of his pupils.—*New York Tribune.*

Is it possible that there were such deformities as the above in Hiram?



## A BREATH OF WINTER.

**I**N thoughtful mood, I wandered yesterday  
Through tinted woods and meadows sere and brown,  
And, looking up at shifting clouds of gray,  
I saw the first pure snowflakes floating down.  
Why did those tiny spirals sadden me?  
Was it because the summer days had fled,  
Leaving behind a fragrant memory—  
And all the woodland flowers and ferns were dead?  
It might have been! For, as I walked, I knew  
I felt an unaccountable regret—  
(The white straw hat and clothes of lightest hue  
I sported in warm weather, I wear yet!)  
MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

## AMUSEMENTS.

Mr. Edgar Fawcett, poet, novelist and dramatist, once more comes before the public, this time with a comedy entitled "Our First Families." It was announced to have been produced last night at Mr. DALY's luxurious theatre, and until we had the satisfaction of enjoying its poetry, wit and humor, we shall reserve judgement.

"Dreams, or Fun in a Photograph Gallery," is what Mr. Willie Edouin calls his entertainment at the BIJOU OPERA HOUSE. Fun it is most certainly, produced through the medium of musical horse-play and antics of the wildest and most impossible character, none the less amusing because impossible—and none the less impossible because amusing.

There have been many spectacular burlesques in New York, and the Leavitt company at HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE is equal, in its way, to the best of them. The burlesque of "Carmen" is thoroughly enjoyable to the ear and eye, and not the least attraction are the scrumptious specimens of womanhood that figure in the piece.

Anna Dickinson—Miss "Crown of Thorns" Anna—has taken to writing plays. So very few people indulge in this amusement nowadays that we wish to direct special attention to the fact. "An American Girl" is Miss Anna's bantling and the FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE is where, by the time we have gone to press, the trial, verdict, and sentence are to take place. More hereon anon.

We understand that Secretary Evarts has intimated to Mr. Steele Mackaye that the Cabinet will allow no play other than "Hazel Kirke" to be produced in the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE, as that drama has been running so long. We do not think that Mr. Evarts's action is strictly in accordance with the constitution, but, of course, nothing can be done in the matter until after election and the returning-boards have got through their business.

If the dialogue in the "Sultan of Mocha" were only a tenth-part as good as Mr. Alfred Cellier's pretty music, there would not be very much of which to complain. As it is, the audience which assembled at the UNION SQUARE THEATRE to pass judgement on Miss Blanche Roosevelt's Company—without Miss Roosevelt, however—was inexpressibly shocked to think that Mr. Cellier could have permitted such very original and peculiarly incomprehensible dramatic literature to be wedded to his tuneful compositions. No one seems to know who is the author of the dialogue of the "Sultan of Mocha." We think we could lay our hands on the gentleman, or, at any rate, on the place where it was written. There is only one spot in the world where such a perfect concatenation of British humor could be turned out. It is in the editorial rooms of the London *Punch*. But Miss Blanche Roosevelt, and Mr. Murphy, and Mr. J. St. Maur, promise us all kinds of beautiful novelties—so we live in blissful hope.

Mr. A. C. Gunter's "Two Nights in Rome" is likely to do as well in Boston and Philadelphia as it did here; and his "Soul of an Actress" is making money for Miss Ada Cavendish. This is the reward of virtue and a stern devotion to the interests of the American Drama.

Under the effulgence of the Jablochhoff candle, Mr. Rudolf Bial, the leader of the orchestra at KOSTER & BIAL's, conducted, last week, for his five hundredth night, his well-trained musicians. The programme was worthy of the occasion, as was the beer. Mr. Edison will never forgive Messrs. Koster & Bial for using the Jablochhoff candle, which accounts for his article on the electric light in the latest number of the *North American Review*.

The amusement season in Brooklyn is in full swing. Mr. Habberton's "Deacon Crankett" has been played at HAVERLY's, and the Talmage Circus advertises novelties that will put in the shade anything that has been done before in the way of acrobatics. The Reverend Henry Ward Beecher is not going to be behindhand either; and having incubated in the White Mountains some new and startling doctrines, he will duly sling them forth to his Plymouth Church lambs.

## THOSE DEAR LITTLE TURBAN HATS.



They are Very Becoming to Thin Gentlemen.

On Stout Gentlemen  
the Effect is Quite  
Charming.Gentlemen of Literary  
and Artistic Tastes  
Should Wear None  
Other.

## LITERARY NOTES.

London's new weekly paper, backed by a prominent banker, and edited by George Augustus Sala, with Mr. W. Clinton Stuart as the principal representative of America upon its staff, is called "Pan," which will give the London *Punch* a chance to make a pun on "warming-pan" or "pandemonium." But this will probably be the only opportunity that *Punch* will be afforded to exercise its cheap wit on this subject, for the new journal starts out with every show of genuine and solid success.

Messrs. Frank Harrison & Co., of 208 Broadway, have issued a ten-cent pamphlet called "Very Funny, Not Too Funny, Just Funny Enough." It contains a collection of paragraphs and sketches of many well known professional humorists, including the Detroit *Free Press* man, Mr. Burdette of the *Hawkeye*, and Mr. Williams of the Norristown *Herald*. The selections appear to be made with care. But such things are much better reading in a newspaper at intervals than when published together. An excess of fun is as bad as too little.

## Answers for the Anxious.

GRIP.—Let go.

HASELTINE.—She is waiting to hear from Indiana.

OSCAR P.—No, indeed. If you wish to know why, read, further down in this column, our casual remarks on other choice bits of Tanner literature.

AUNTY-GARFIELD.—The point is good; but the idea is neither popular nor pictorial. However, trust that point to us, and we will insert it where it will do the most good.

BEN BUTLER, JR.—Time passes, Benjamin, jr., and Dr. Tanner is already a dead issue, equal in mortuature called-in-ness to Noah and Cheops, and other subjects on which the London *Punch* is wont to discourse funereally.

J. W. HENDERSON.—As we have remarked to another man, Dr. Tanner is not a timely subject. To this statement we have only to add that the exact date on which the first man was killed for making a pun on the word "fast" is September 22nd, 4003, B. C.

DEMOCRAT.—Your idea for a cartoon is good; as you may see by the fact that we were all but ready to print just such a picture when your letter arrived. The next time that you strike anything neat like that, let us know in time—at the least, one week in advance. Don't be afraid of being too previous.

LILLY MALLOY.—We should like to compliment you on the brooding melancholy of your verse, to which you call attention; but as we don't see any there, we shall have to content ourselves with telling you that for uproarious, rip-staving, rollicking disregard of all laws of metre and rhythm, it achieves the éclair.

A CONSTANT READER OF PUCK, New London.—We should like very much to draw the cartoon you suggest; but the idea is too new and thrilling. To represent Maine as a school-mistress, telling Blaine to take the foot of the class because he couldn't spell "Dirigo" has too much wild, unconventional novelty about it. Art can't afford to scare people, you know; and there are limits to the march of Progress.

A. N. O.—Is there any power in the heavens above, in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth, that will induce you and three or four hundred thousand other people to understand that we cannot undertake to enter into epistolary communication with every one of you. We can't do it and run a paper too, and we suppose you wouldn't care to correspond with us if we didn't run a paper. If we answer you, we have to answer all the rest; and while we may entertain the greatest respect for you personally, we have just sufficient respect for our own sacred health to decline undertaking any job of the sort.

T. M.—The next time you think of honoring one of our artistic staff with a communication like this:

INDIANAPOLIS, September 9th, 1880.

I beg to describe to you a picture which would, perhaps, be a fit subject for illustration in the paper PUCK.

Tilden holding a ballot-box described "Majority" on his head or hat.

Fraud? Lower down, Cipher Dispatches. Next, Garfield on his head. Fraud, Crédit Mobilier, Golyer affair, etc. At the foot, Cipher Dispatches? or Electoral Committee. Elevated surrounded in a cloud. Hancock free of all; or elevated above all.

Yours respectfully,

T. M.

please remember that every heart has to bear the burden of its own sorrow; that humanity is frail; and that there is no need of adding to the terrible death-rate of a large city like this. Hold your impious hand. Another letter of that sort would curdle the brain of a seraph.

**We cannot undertake to return Rejected Communications. We cannot undertake to send postal cards to inquiring contributors. We cannot undertake to pay attention to stamps or stamped envelopes. We cannot undertake to say this more than one hundred and fifty times more.**

**The Crown Tooth Brushes clean and polish the teeth. Bristles warranted not to come out.**



THE DEMOCRATIC SAMSON SENDS HIS FUSION  
He Who Laughs





USION OXES AMONG THE REPUBLICAN PHILISTINES.  
Laughs st Laughs Best.

## PRINCE KANTSCHUKOFF.



## STATE AND OTHER ELECTIONS.

**B**AH! Why do I endure this? Why do I remain any longer in this benighted country? I would have taken my departure tomorrow, but I cannot, must not, for the Holy Czar wishes me to remain here to study the institutions of these barbarous Americans. I bow, of course, to the mandate of my honored master, and remain, but my heart yearns to be in Russia once more, to confound the knavish tricks and treasonable practices of the abhorred Nihilists.

To be obliged to remain in this country and have one's feelings outraged at every hour is indeed as great a punishment as being sent to Siberia but duty is paramount.

I must speak of the class of men from whom the Czars, the great officers of State, and the governors of provinces are chosen.

Common tradesmen, such as butchers, bakers and Raki sellers are eligible for these positions. I know a man who once drove a droschky regularly, who is now a member of the cabinet.

A tanner, a mere leather preparer, actually became a General of the army, and led it to battle and victory.

It is horrible. Such a position ought only to be given to princes. And yet this leather laboring general was elected Czar for eight years.

The man who blacks my boots, the man who waits on me at table, the man who makes me an abominable American suit of clothes, the man who looks after my horses has just the same voice in electing the country's rulers as each individual prince or noble.

Prince or noble—but the Americans tell me there are no princes or nobles in the United States.

It is this what bothers me: how can a nation exist in which there are no well-defined classes of princes, nobles and serfs?

There is a good supply of serfs here. I mean men who would have been serfs if they were in Russia; but I do not see many individuals who would answer to our nobles and princes, and very few that would be fit to be raised by our master, the Czar, to such an exalted position even if they saved his life a thousand times.

Fancy us, our class which has in it the best blood of Russia, placing ourselves in the power of a mob of base-born serfs, and this is what is done all the time.

What real respect can there be for a government carried on by such means?

None.

Then comes the crowning infamy. The reigning Czar always permits two or more men to offer themselves to the people of a province as governors, and these candidates are—it makes me shudder to think of it—often the very lowest kind of serfs themselves.

And then, after every dog of a serf has recorded his vote, the officers of the election dispute as to the number of votes each candidate has received.

It very much depends on the party to which the officers of elections may belong. If they

are Imperialists, they insist that the Imperialist has the greatest number of voices in his favor. If they are Revolutionists, they insist that the Revolutionist is elected.

And then the miserably free press has a great deal to say; and there are disputes as to wrong counting and right counting; and the serfs and common people suffer, because it unsettles their wretched, contemptible and miserable trading affairs.

If I had my will, I would have all the candidates, election officers and serf-voters knouted within an inch of their lives.

The Czar of all the Americas must be of a weak disposition to allow such proceedings to take place in his territory.

Great St. Vladimir! if I had anything to do with the country, I would soon make a Holy Russia of it.

## CHANSON.

[From the French of L'Abbé de Grécourt.]

The Ingenious Youth declares his hopeless passion:—

By your charms  
The contest's decided, Elaine,  
By your charms  
Which caused so oft appeal to arms.  
To arbitrate the case were vain,  
Since all are silent, held in chain  
By your charms.

O'er every heart  
You reign supreme—we are your prey—  
O'er every heart  
Surrendered to your charms and art.  
We'd fain resist, we sigh, we pray;  
Each effort but confirms your sway  
O'er every heart.

Ah, what bliss  
Ever to follow in your suite;  
Ah, what bliss,  
No greater boon I'd ask, I wis.  
To see you once, then die, were sweet;  
To see you always, bliss complete—  
Ah, what bliss.

The Fair angles with him for a time, and dismisses him with cruel remarks:—

You're very wrong  
So soon to surrender to my charms,  
You're very wrong;  
You're weak, dear Jim, I thought you strong.  
Why should you throw away your arms  
And fly at hearing false alarms?  
You're very wrong.

I would not fly  
From that on which I'd set my heart;  
I would not fly,  
Nor read despair in a laughing eye.  
So rouse you, Jim, and try your art  
To win me, or at once depart—  
I would not fly.

A foolish whim  
Which may within a moment die,  
A foolish whim—  
That's all that really ails you, Jim.  
I would not harbor it, not I,  
I would not waste a single sigh—  
A foolish whim.

You're free as air,  
I have no string on you, so go—  
You're free as air.  
It aye takes two to make a pair,  
Go study and you'll find 'tis so;  
You're far too fresh, I'd have you know—  
You're free as air.

F. I. C.

## A STATESMAN'S GRIEF.



COLFAX:—"We were both bought and paid for—but he made more out of it than I did!"

## FRESH AS THE DEW.\*

A TALE OF MYSTERY AND LOVE.

BY ARTHUR W. ZOLA BLACK LOT.

## CHAPTER I.

GULNARE.

She's dainty as the fresh-blown rose,  
And lovely as the morn;  
No fairer maid was ever seen,  
For fairer ne'er was born.

—MOORE.†

**I**T was a lovely day in the latter part of September. The afternoon sun was slowly sinking adown the western horizon; the sky was blue as a Norse maiden's eye; the broad heath clad in its mantle of green seemed \* \* \* \* †

Almost in the centre of the heath stood two persons by their horses' sides. One of them was Gulnare Montague, and it was plain, from the angry flash of her eye, and the stamp of her dainty foot, that she was offended.

"Leave me, sir!" she exclaimed, in tones that resembled liquid music.‡

The person addressed was a man about thirty years of age. He would have been tall if he had not stooped so much; his form was slim; his chest was quite hollow; he wore blond side-whiskers and moustache; his blue eyes were covered with glasses, evidently to overcome the effects of near-sightedness; a faint smile played around his lips, and he was dressed in a fashionable riding-costume. As he stood beside his horse and listened to her words, he seemed to be full of gentlemanly defence, but an acute phrenologist would have discovered that the bumps which indicate villainy were fully developed in his cranium.¶

"Ah," he responded with a Bostonian accent, "I cannot leave you thus. You are dismounted, and cannot get on your horse's back without assistance."

\* This is a patent reversible title. Any reader who does not like it in its present shape can turn it upside down and read it, "Do as the Fresh;" either title will suit the story—one as well as the other.—*Author.*

† This is supposed to be the last verse written by Moore, and everybody will agree that it should have been.—*Author.*

‡ We have cut out seven or eight pages of description of the scenery, for, though we are aware that in most stories of the present day much descriptive writing is put, our columns cannot furnish room for any very large quantity of such writing.—*Editor.*

§ I think that form of expression is correct. I have seen it in a number of novels, and in this day of inventions I presume liquid music can be made. If they can take the water out of potatoes and apples, why can't they put liquid into music?—*Author.*

¶ We do not as a rule care to make remarks upon an author's description of characters, but, for fear that our readers may suppose that we assume some responsibility for the characterization in this story, we desire to say right here that, if the foregoing personage is intended to be the villain of the piece, he's the mildest-mannered duffer of a villain we ever saw.—*Editor.*



"Leave me!" she again exclaimed. "If some good Christian should not come to my aid, I'll walk home."

"But—" he mildly remonstrated.

"Mount your horse!" she cried, imperiously. Slowly and reluctantly he obeyed.

"Now, leave me!" she added, as she hit his horse a vicious blow on the flank with her heavy riding whip.

The noble steed, not accustomed to receive such cavalier treatment from a lady,<sup>1</sup> bounded forward, almost throwing Aubrey St. Vere, his rider, from his back, and then, with the speed of light almost, he darted along the road and was soon out of sight.

"To think," said she, as she re-adjusted the skirt of her riding-habit over her arm, "that Aubrey St. Vere should dare to differ with me about the meaning of the hieroglyphics on the obelisk."<sup>2</sup>

Her eyes again flashed at the thought of his presumption, and she shot a Parthian glance<sup>3</sup> in the direction he had disappeared.

Gulnare was a charming-looking maiden, as she stood there by her horse's side. She was slightly built and not very tall, but, in her well-made riding-costume, her form seemed well-nigh faultless. She was quite young, not more than seventeen years of age, and yet upon her daintily chiseled face one could see signs of deep study. Her eyes were large, and of that clear grayish hue which all observers agree is a sign of firmness. Her luxuriant locks, from which for the moment she lifted her riding-hat, were brushed back from her low, narrow, intellectual forehead;<sup>4</sup> they were of a reddish color, not, be it understood, of the hue of a Philadelphia brick, but rather of a hyacinthine shade.<sup>5</sup> 'Twas plain to be seen that pride was her ruling passion; she bore herself like a Lucifer.<sup>6</sup>

Replacing her hat upon her head, Gulnare gazed around. The grass of the broad heath \*\*\*<sup>7</sup> Swiftly approaching her a man appeared. His eyes were fixed upon the heath as if he were looking for pins. Suddenly he stooped, seized something on the ground, and rose to an erect position, holding between his forefinger and his thumb a gigantic tumble bug.<sup>8</sup> Evidently he was an entomologist. He had approached quite near to Gulnare by this time. For a moment he glanced at her, but turned quickly away. What was a pretty girl beside a tumble-bug? He was no longer a silly

<sup>1</sup> We do not know what rhetorical figure the author supposes he is using, but it certainly is an improper one. How could a horse receive cavalier treatment from a lady?—Editor.

<sup>2</sup> I have thrown in this little touch so that the story may be of "contemporaneous human interest."—Author.

<sup>3</sup> The author appears to have borrowed this expression from "Guy Livingstone," but we would call his attention to the fact that the Parthians did not usually shoot their arrows when their opponents had retired from the scene.—Editor.

<sup>4</sup> Most physiologists would differ with the author in describing an intellectual forehead.—Editor.

<sup>5</sup> Just what the author means is difficult to determine. Probably he desires the reader to understand that his heroine was not a brick-top.—Editor.

<sup>6</sup> The author spelled Lucifer with a small *l*, which we have changed into a capital. We think he must have referred to the fallen angel, though he may have used the small *l* intentionally, for we have heard of people who were as stiff as a match.—Editor.

<sup>7</sup> We have again cut out several pages of description of scenery. We wish our readers to understand that in this story the grass in summer is always green, and in winter is covered with unsoiled snow; the sky is either lovely or cloudy; the trees are high and wave softly in the breeze, or are tempest tossed; the sun, when it shines, is refulgent; the moon, when it is attending to business, beams; when midnight comes on it's blacker than hair-dye, and on clear days the sky smiles. If our readers will bear these things in mind, we'll slaughter our author's scenery business.—Editor.

<sup>8</sup> I regret that my Encyclopædia Britannica is at my uncle's, and I cannot give the scientific name.—Author. The scientific name is *scarabeus tumblerus*.—Editor.

youth. Forty winters had been digging cross-tracks around his eyes, and forty summers had rendered picnics *et id omne genus* a twice-told tale to him. Still he was a handsome man. Tall and straight as an Indian, with broad shoulders and a deep chest he impressed even the most casual observer<sup>9</sup> as a man of force. His features were large and sharply marked, and his eyes and hair and beard of midnight hue. His clothes would have led one to believe that he did stunts with sums, or wrestled with legislative acts, or went long on some other man's goods<sup>10</sup> in order to make a living.

Finding that he made no effort to mash<sup>11</sup> her, Gulnare said in her sweetest tones:

"Sir, I crave your assistance."

With his eyes still bent upon the bug he put his hand in his pocket, drew out a forty-dollar bill,<sup>12</sup> and held it towards her.

"I am not a mendicant," she exclaimed haughtily: "I desired your assistance as a gentleman."

<sup>9</sup> We really hoped that fellow was dead.—Editor.

<sup>10</sup> We think the author might as well have said that he looked like a book-keeper, a lawyer, or a merchant.—Editor.

<sup>11</sup> Mash, v. t. (imp. & p. per. mashed, p. p. mashing). To crush with a feather. (I give the definition because the word has not yet found its way into all the dictionaries.)—Author.

<sup>12</sup> By dint of much inquiry at the Red-tape Bureau at Washington, we have discovered that neither the Government nor the national banks issue any bills of the denomination of forty dollars. The author, however, may be more familiar with notes on the Bank of Elegance than with greenbacks.—Editor.

## THE MODERN CAMP-MEETINGS.



This young man went for his soul.

And came away disgusted.

This young man went for fun—



And got all he wanted.

That was a word which never failed to stir a responsive chord<sup>13</sup> in the heart of Marmaduke Belvoir; he was above all things a gentleman. He placed the tumble-bug in his coat-tail pocket, lifted his hat, and remarked:

"Pray command me! I am at your service."

His voice attracted her at once; it was a sort of tenor-baritone veiled in melancholy.<sup>14</sup>

"Will you be good enough to assist me to my horse's back?" she said softly. "I dismounted here incautiously, and now there is not even a rock in sight from which I can mount my horse."

"Believe me," he remarked, "it affords me infinite pleasure<sup>15</sup> to comply with your request."

He advanced towards her. Side by side she appeared almost a pigmy; he towered a head and shoulders above her. Though she slightly raised her foot, he placed his hand around her waist and lifted her as gently into the saddle as one would a little child.

The blood rushed to Gulnare's cheeks; she was deeply offended. Why should she, a grown woman, be treated like a child? She had supposed that he would assist her in the usual way, and had held her foot towards him; but he had seized her by her waist and lifted her to the saddle as if she were a child or a bag of grits.<sup>16</sup>

Having fixed herself in her seat, she turned to him and in an impatient tone exclaimed:

"Sa, y r u s o n u?"

When he heard those cabalistic words, his eyes, for the first time, rested upon her with real interest. Then he knew that, young as she was, she must have delved deep into the languages of the Indies.<sup>17</sup> He answered in the same mystic tongue:

"Blowdifino."<sup>18</sup>

A charming smile lit up her face. She recognized in him at once a kindred spirit. She would have sprung from her horse and conversed with him for several hours, but modesty bade her retire. With a bow to the stranger she gathered up her reins and rode swiftly away. Marmaduke Belvoir, left there alone, gazed around him. The vast heath resembled a placid ocean, tinted green; the trees in the distance were moving softly with the breeze; \*\*\*<sup>19</sup>

(To be Continued.)

<sup>13</sup> If I had invented that expression, I should have spelled the word "cord;" but I bow to custom and give it in the manner of all novelists.—Author.

<sup>14</sup> Just what the author means by that form of expression we do not know. Perhaps he means that his hero has had a frog in his throat.—Editor.

<sup>15</sup> I think that was "meant sarcastic." Infinite pleasure means, of course, pleasure that has no bounds or cannot be measured. Now pleasure, which cannot be measured or compassed within reasonable space, is no pleasure at all. Marmaduke was probably guying the young lady.—Author.

<sup>16</sup> It may seem ridiculous for an author to waste so much time in describing frivolous things; in the present case I might merely have said that Marmaduke put Gulnare on her horse without mentioning details. Readers of modern novels, however, will support me in the assertion that most of the interest in those books comes from the way the heroine slings her dress, or nods her head, or bends her form, or waves her hand, or drops into a chair, or does some similar trifling thing. That being so, of course I must do as other novelists do.—Author.

<sup>17</sup> We publish the above sentences with hesitation. We are ourselves tolerably familiar with the Sanskrit of the four Vedas, the Zend of ancient Bactria, and the old Persian of the cuneiform inscriptions, together with most of the languages which have grown out of those tongues. We do not, at the moment, recall any language belonging to the Indian or Iranian branches in which the above form of expression can be found. However, we do not wish to put on too many frills as linguists, and so we give the author the benefit of the doubt, and publish the expressions as they appear in the manuscript. If a proper allowance be made for bad spelling, it strikes us they might be tortured into English. If we should discover anything further bearing on the subject we will publish an extra.—Editor.

<sup>18</sup> We have here suppressed twelve pages of description of scenery. If the reader will refer to note 7, he or she will be able to fill up the scenery appropriately.—Editor.

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THE "SHORT STORY" OF THE PERIOD.

[Derrick Dodd, in San Francisco Post.]

A Young lady, who signs herself with unnecessary definiteness "Graduate," writes to ask the perpetrator of this department what course she should pursue to support herself as a writer of "short stories" for the press. This is one of those remarkable interrogatories to be expected only from a young female scholastically qualified to know nothing in particular. Every ordinary reader of light literature ought to understand that the typical "short story" of commerce—that which is usually copied on the fourth page of papers everywhere—is in all cases invariably and exactly the same production. Not but what the title is occasionally changed—sometimes as often as every other month—but the "short story" has been one and identically the same thing time out of mind, and hasn't practically changed ten words in either plot or text for the past generation. The hero, for illustration, is always named Ray—this is indispensable—and the tale, in ninety per cent of its appearances, is called "Ray's Error," or "Ray Brandon's Mistake," and both hero and heroine hail from the same stereotyped localities, and do and say the same things in due order. They are always chock full of gymnastics and love. As the *Post*, like all first-class city papers, keeps this venerable fiction in type for instant use, we print it in this column for the benefit of literary aspirants generally. If "Graduate" will industriously work off from fifteen to twenty manuscript copies of the following per week, introducing occasional but very immaterial changes, she might derive a modest subsistence by supplying country papers with them at say four bits per head, but we doubt it. However, here is "mine old familiar friend," the perennial, inevitable and immortal gymnastic short story of the period:

#### RAY BRANDON'S MISTAKE. CHAPTER I.

As the panting engine stopped at the rustic hamlet of Clamtown, in New Hampshire [NOTE.—The "short story" invariably begins where the panting engine stops.—D. D.] a murmur of involuntary admiration ran through the gathering of villagers around the platform as a tall, patrician looking young man stepped proudly from the parlor car. Advancing to the Postmaster, who stood near, the youth, with the gestures of one born to command, haughtily inquired the way to Squire Guffey's. Impatient, however, at the stammering tardiness of the reply, he rapidly strode away, though first striking a match on the shirt-front of the abashed countryman, with which to light his cigarette.

Ray Brandon, for it was he, was a typical aristocrat, as one might perceive at the very first glance. His face was one of which Canova might have dreamed. Around his small, classical head his raven locks were tightly curled—a common fashion in the South. His eyes were of that piercing tawny yellow only to be

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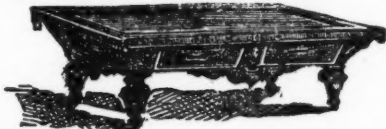
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met with in Ouida's novels. His gleaming white teeth, but little impaired by the taffy of a pampered infancy, set off his swarthy complexion, which was swarthy almost to swarthinness. Over eight feet in height, his willowy figure was arrayed in the unmistakable habiliments of the land of chivalry. A wide palmetto hat graced his head; a high choker collar and streaming black necktie rested upon a neatly-embroidered shirt-front ornamented by a single gleaming gem. A spotted velvet vest, adorned with a heavy chain, and a long-cut black coat, with thin-soled leg-boots, completed his attire. It must not be inferred from this, however, that his legs were entirely bare, although the next thing to it was the case. Ray wore, as a matter of course, the traditional white duck pants of the sunny South, and, although it was late in the fall and infernally chilly, he would have frozen to the waist and back again rather than conform to the Northern climate. If there was any conforming to be done the climate might do it itself, and be doing blamed to it. In fact—

(To be continued in our next.)

It was a talkative Englishman who was bragging of what superior things they had in the "hold country" to everything here, and it was a serious-faced Yankee who said: "Well, I will allow there is one thing in England better than we find here—there is a much better class of Englishmen there." It took the Englishman half a day to discover that the remark didn't convey a personal compliment.—*Exchange.*

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ANTONY.—You all do know this mantle. Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through; see what a rent the envious Casca made. Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed.

BRUTUS (aside).—He's a liar by the watch. That's the hole great Caesar used to put his head through, and is the hole through which the well-beloved tailor stabbed when he made it!

ANTONY.—And when he plucked his cursed steel away, mark how the blood of Caesar followed it!

BRUTUS (aside).—It's no such thing. That's red paint. I saw a boy daub it on back of the scenes not two minutes ago. I'm onto this little game!

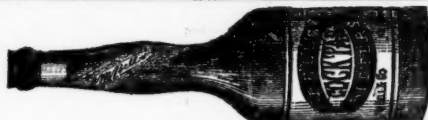
I PLEB.—Oh, piteous spectacle!

BRUTUS (aside).—Oh, piteous spectacle your grandmother's gray cat! —*Petroleum World.*

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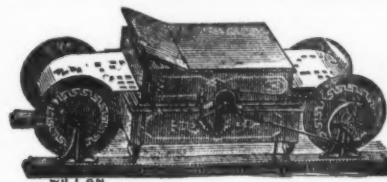
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